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THE FLOWERS

OF

SHAKESPEARE

LONDON.  
SAMPSON, LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE & RIVINGTON.





THE  
FLOWERS  
of  
SHAKESPEARE









THE  
FLOWERS OF  
SHAKESPEARE :

Depicted by  
"VIOLETTA":

---

In emerald tufts, flowers, purple, blue, and white,  
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery: —  
Merry Wives of Windsor: Act V. Sc. 5

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LONDON:

Sampson Low, Marston, Beale, & Rivington  
Crown Buildings - Fleet Street E. C.

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Emery & Binger:  
Chromolithographers:  
15 Holborn Viaduct:  
London:  
E.C.





There is a man haunts the forest  
that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind  
on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and  
elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name  
of Rosalind.



AS YOU LIKE IT



Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads, thatched with stover, them to keep.

TEMPEST.





When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST





And bid her steal into the pleached bower,  
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,  
Forbid the sun to enter,—like favourites,  
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride  
Against that power that bred it.

MUCH ADD ABOUT NOTHING.





But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:  
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,  
And with the half-blown rose.

KING JOHN.





Here's flowers for you ;  
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;  
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises weeping.

WINTER'S TALE.





The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,  
And wholesome berries thrive, and ripen best,  
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:  
And so the prince obscured his contemplation  
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,  
Grew like the summer-grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.



KING HENRY V



So I charm'd their ears,  
That, calf-like, they my lowing followed, through  
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns.

TEMPEST.





Merciful Heaven!  
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,  
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,  
Than the soft myrtle.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.





With fairest flowers,  
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor  
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: . . . . .



Hea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To winter-ground thy corse.

CYMBELINE.





There's rosemary, that's for remembrance ; pray  
you, love, remember : and there is pansies, that's for  
thoughts.

There's fennel for you, and columbines :—there's  
rue for you ;—and here's some for me :—we may call  
it herb-grace o' Sundays. . . . . There's  
a daisy :—I would give you some violets ; but they  
withered all, when my father died.



HAMLET.



There is a willow grove aslant the brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
There, with fantastic garlands did she come,  
Of crocuses, nettles, daisies, and long purples.

HAMLET.





Daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,

WINTER'S TALE.





Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly!  
Then, heigh ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

AS YOU LIKE IT.





The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.

But straight they told me, they would bind me here  
Unto the body of a dismal yew,  
And leave me to this miserable death.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.





Cesario, by the roses of the spring,  
By maidhood, honour, truth, and eberything,  
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,  
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

TWELFTH NIGHT.





That strain again ;—it had a dying fall :  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing, and giving odour.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

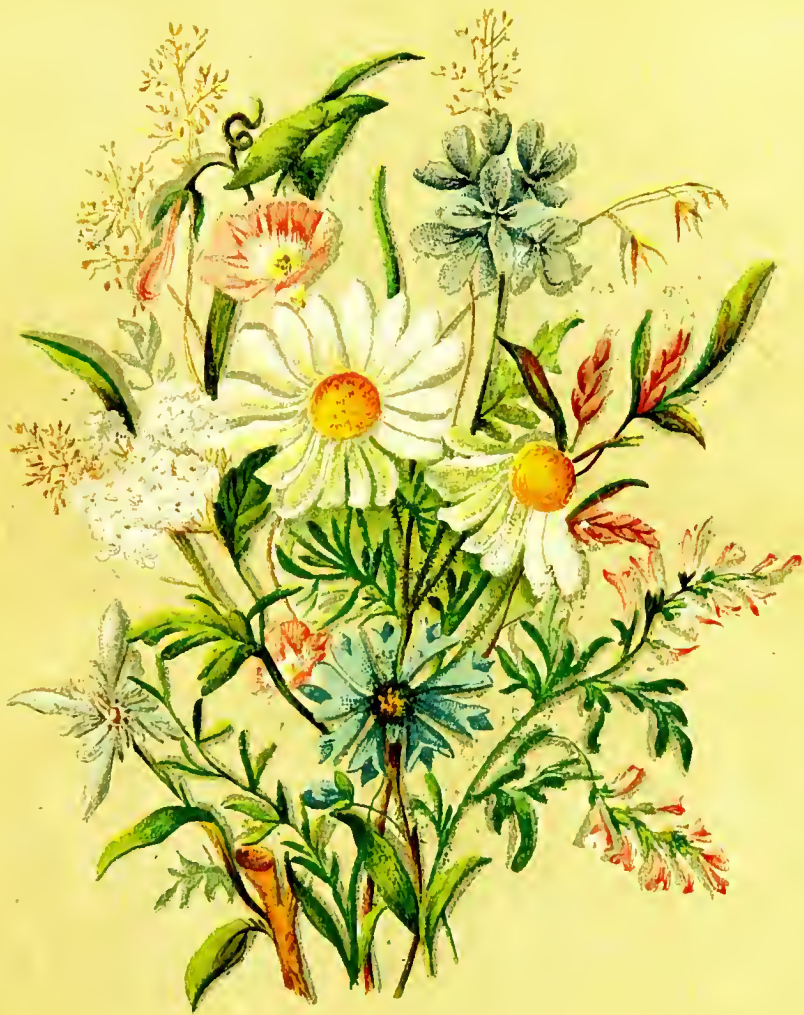






I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;  
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
With sweetest musk-roses, and with eglantine.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

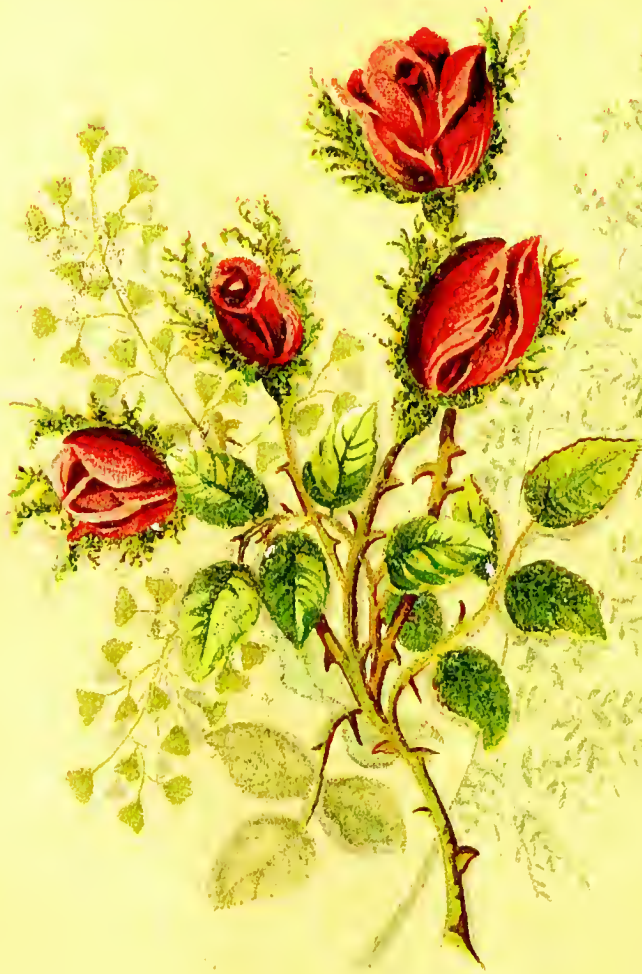


Crown'd with rank sumiter, and furrow weeds,  
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,  
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.

KING LEAR.







Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.

KING RICHARD III







The fairest flowers o' the season  
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers.

WINTER'S TALE.





Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;  
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:  
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips:  
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush  
Lays her full mess before you.

TIMON OF ATHENS.



The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,  
Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems,  
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,  
Losing both beauty and utility.

KING HENRY V







Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.  
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.  
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle  
Gently entwist;—the female ivy so  
Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.



This brawl to-day,  
Groton to this faction, in the Temple garden,  
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,  
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

KING HENRY VI.





Within the infant rind of this small flower  
Poison hath residence, and medicine power :  
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part ;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 5





Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :  
It fell upon a little western flower, —  
Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound, —  
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.





Amis 









